



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

---

TUESDAY, April 9.      American Morals *versus* English Manners.

AN English journal, noted for its perspicacity, prints the following dialogue under the title, "The Social Catechism":

QUESTION: Who are you?

ANSWER: A male animal, of the human species, endowed with a thirst for Social distinction.

Q.: What do you mean by "Social distinction"?

A.: By "Social distinction" I mean only being seen about with the best people, in the best places.

Q.: Who are the best people?

A.: The people whom I want to know and who do not want to know me.

Q.: Are you often seen about with the best people?

A.: As often as they will let me.

Q.: And in the best places?

A.: As often as I can get there.

Q.: Were you born among the best people?

A.: No; I was born in an industrial centre in the provinces. But my father made money, and I have come to London to spend it.

Q.: Then you have a father?

A.: Physically and financially, I have a father; socially, I have none.

Q.: And a mother?

A.: I have no mother.

Q.: How is that?

A.: Because my mother is impossible.

Q.: Do you know many of the best people?

A.: I know them all, and some of them know me.

Q.: When you came to London, did you bring letters of introduction to the best people?

A.: Yes; I brought the best of all letters of introduction to them.

Q.: What is that?

A.: My check-book.

Q.: Did the best people, then, welcome you on the strength of your check-book?

A.: They welcomed my check-book and they put up with me.

Q.: How did you make an opening for the use of your check-book?

A.: I had no need to make an opening. They made the opening.

Q.: How did they do that?

A.: Some played bridge with me; others made bets with me. In both cases, the use of my check-book followed as a matter of course.

Q.: Can you play bridge?

A.: No.

Q.: Did the best people mind that?

A.: No.

Q.: Why did they not mind it?

A.: Because they did the playing, while I did the paying.

Q.: Have you a wife?

A.: I have not a wife of my own; but I am doing my best to annex the wife of another man.

Q.: Why do you do this?

A.: Because it is expected of me to live up to my exalted surroundings.

Q.: Do all the best men in society, then, annex other men's wives?

A.: All who can afford to do so.

Q.: Is it very expensive to annex other men's wives?

A.: It is very expensive. One has to finance the wives, and frequently the husbands also.

Q.: Then would it not come cheaper to have a wife of your own?

A.: It would come much cheaper. But it would be less up-to-date.

Q.: What is morality?

A.: Morality is a fetish of second-rate persons, in which the best people, with few exceptions, have long ceased to believe.

Q.: Who are these few exceptions?

A.: Men who, from age or infirmity, are past gallantry, and women who are either too old or too ugly to attract.

Q.: Are the best people, then, never moral on principle?

A.: The best people have no principles.

This is satire, of course, but it is the satire of truth. Probably never before was the tone of English society so low as it is to-day. Immorality is no new development in Great Britain or, indeed, in any land whose standards are fixed by traditions which accord to royalty special privileges; nor is the mercenary trait of recent growth among our cousins; but the combination has seemed to acquire strength yearly since the death of Victoria.

It is no business of ours, except in so far as we may deduce beneficial lessons. The numerous divorces in our own high society evoke much derision abroad; but no competent observer will maintain that infidelity is more common here; indeed, there is little doubt that the reverse is the fact. It is wholly a difference of method. We wash our linen in public; they wash theirs in pri-

vate, if at all, and shield each other from the comments of the vulgar. Our morals—speaking in the narrow sense indicated—are probably as much better as their manners are undoubtedly superior, and this must necessarily continue to be the case until the American shall finally learn from the Englishman how to play the part of the cuckold with dignity and contentment.

Our more brazen fashion would be preferable but for the effect of example upon the great number who would be designated in England as members of the upper middle class. Evidences multiply that frequent condonations by those most conspicuous socially of offenses against society itself have encouraged tendencies in the smaller cities and villages which would otherwise have been choked at sight. Such is the power of custom and the authority for good or ill of those who sit in high places. We wonder sometimes how it would be if there were no morals at all—just as in some places there are no clothes.

---

WEDNESDAY, April 10.

What is Success in Life?

"WHEREVER a process of life communicates an eagerness to him who lives it, there the life becomes genuinely significant." It was Dr. William James who said that in an essay on "A Certain Blindness in Human Beings." The blindness referred to was the blindness of men to each other's modes of happiness and theories of life. But human beings are still pretty blind creatures, rather like kittens just beginning to open their eyes. For how many of us search and face our own modes of being happy?

We spend our lives, the large majority of us, in a lively practical bustle and clamor, wearing our nerves out and letting our muscles grow slack, without ever stopping to consider whether we are pressing happiness and significance out of experience or not.

Probably success in life is to look at life itself and find out deliberately wherein we come at our best moments, and then as deliberately to multiply them. Pater urges us to be among the wisest and best of the children of men, and to get these moments of rich consciousness from art. Whitman usually found his on the top of a New York omnibus or crossing the Brooklyn ferry; he got it out of merging the self into the many and believing in an ultimate and glorious unity. Kant found his in the contem-

plation of the moral law and the starry heavens—the starry heavens which, by the by, only called forth from Carlyle the desponding comment: “Hech! it’s a sad sight!” The Mystics have all found their best moments in some form or other of ecstatic vision; the Pietists find theirs in prayer; but wherever we find them—in friendship, in almsgiving, in gaining ground in our given labor, whatever it be, in the perception of beauty, in the still moments of recollection by the twilight hearth—success in life is to know these moments when they come, to recognize them and coax them to repeat themselves.

To know them, set apart, and yet within grasp, a refuge from the nagging setbacks and teasing worries of life, a little spot whereinto no one shall ever enter but ourselves, yet where our keenest happiness dwells and our truest liberty. To multiply our best moments is to come as near as any one may to success in life.

---

THURSDAY, April 11.

Athletic Wives.

AMERICAN women have always had the reputation of excelling in devotion as mothers, while Englishwomen have been considered the more devoted wives. It may be owing to the better conditions of organized and trained domestic service in England, and to the possibility of leaving children safely in the keeping of nurses and governesses, that Englishwomen have thrown themselves so much more unreservedly into the interests, business and amusements of their husbands. In England, the husband and wife usually take their holiday trips together; in America, the mother and children make their holidays together, and the father, when he takes one, usually takes it alone or with other men. The recent development of athletics for women in this country is transforming women’s lives in many ways, and in nothing more beneficially than in making them more capable of being companions for their husbands. They are gaining in strength, in hardihood, in cheerfulness and breadth of interest by their concern for sport. A wife who can ride to hounds, tramp across country, golf, play tennis and sail a boat combines the attractions of comrade, friend and wife, and triples her power. To add to a capacity for outdoor life an intelligent interest in politics and municipal government, a habit of culling the world politics from the daily newspaper, and a well-bred abstention from domestic

themes of conversation would doubtless make the American woman the most desirable wife in the world, and perhaps the nursery would find her just as delightful and as influential a power if she came to it from time to time fresh from a larger world, instead of limiting her vision to its four walls. There is a great deal in teaching a child to look upon its mother's presence as a gracious condescension, and more in making a man feel that his wife is his most congenial friend.

---

FRIDAY, *April 12.*

Women as Friends Again.

NOT only is history full of the friendships of men, but some of the most exquisite of English poetry owes its inspiration to the friendship of men, and to their whole-hearted belief in and admiration for each other's work. Milton's "Lycidas" commemorates happy companionship with Mr. Edward King and their congenial tastes, for it seems he, too, knew,

"Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."

And the two of them were "nursed upon the selfsame hill, fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill."

Shelley's "Adonais" records only his heartfelt admiration for Keats's work, since they never met; but, surely, but for Keats's untimely death, there would have been one more beautiful friendship to record, for Keats, unlike Byron, had in him nobleness enough to have been lifted to the level of Shelley had he but been thrown with him.

The loss of Arthur Hugh Clough inspired Mr. Arnold's "Thyrsis," and his companionship, doubtless, "The Spanish Gypsy," and once again it was the like high pursuit that bound them:

"Thou, too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound."

The classic example, of course, is that of Mr. Tennyson's profound devotion for Arthur Hallam, and the poem "In Memoriam," which recorded the fluctuations of grief, the thoughts inspired by loss, a poem begun in 1833 and ended in 1849. The greatest expansion of life very often comes through love and grief. An adequate companionship is the rarest gift of life; to lose it is to bear the greatest human sorrow and thereby to be open to the greatest exaltation.

The bond of friendship, in all these cases, was that of noble pursuits sought after together. Therefore, when we question why the annals of history and literature are not adorned by records of friendships of women, we have to reflect that the masses of women are only now beginning to be admitted to the nobler pursuits. Doubtless, there are humble examples of household drudges, cooks, housemaids, and housekeepers, who stood by each other, exchanged receipts and patterns, and rolled the perambulators side by side, mitigating tedious hours by interchange of thought. The difficulty is, not that these friendships are not real and true, but that they do not lend themselves easily to literary or heroic treatment. Society, being based on rivalry, less readily admits of friendship; but it would be interesting to learn how many professional women, those notably dealing with the higher emotions and aspirations, have had reliable and devoted friends of many years' standing. That there are some is indubitable.

---

SATURDAY, *April 13.*

Transitional Methods of Housekeeping.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the old order of housekeeping is passing away and a new order, more or less difficult to adjust oneself to, is coming in. Service is more expensive and less procurable; the organization within the house is less close and less orderly, and organizations outside the home are infinitely multiplied and improved. Formerly, the baby's food was carefully prepared in the home to insure cleanliness and wholesomeness; now the same thing is done, with greater accuracy, by professional modifiers of milk. Thus dressmaking, baking, laundry work are all moving outside the home, greatly relieving the housekeeper of heavy drudgery, but leaving her with much time upon her hands. The idleness thus induced should certainly be transformed into useful employment as soon as possible. For idleness is destructive of morals.

If, indeed, as seems possible, there shall come a time when the feeding of the family shall take place out of the home, it will mean, of course, that women will sooner or later share wage-earning and civic duties with men. The main part of the housekeeper's duties are marketing, ordering and planning the feeding of the family; and a new order of the kind suggested will mean

that she has, at least, three extra hours a day upon her hands, and, unless her duties are changed rather than taken away, mischief is sure to result. The fields of womanly activity are widening daily; and, when the women share in the wage-earning, simplifying the household management in order to do so, and gaining time for happy family enjoyments outside the home, we shall be following in the footsteps of France, where the most thrifty, wholesome and happy domesticity prevails.

The complexity of American homes, the tendency to live beyond the family means, and the habitual overwork of the housekeeper as things are now managed, are being brought to a crisis by the refusal of women to train as domestic servants. Probably, the first step in meeting the new order will be that the family dinner, the most elaborate and complicated meal of the day, will be taken, as is so commonly done in France, outside the home.

---

MONDAY, *April 15.*

An Infant Prodigy.

WILLIAM JAMES SIDIS, who has recently been occupying much space in the newspapers, owing to his strange intellectual advancement, being said to be, at the age of eight (really nearly ten years old), a Freshman in the high school and doing in many branches Sophomore work, was as interesting a baby, to those whose sympathy included prodigies, as he is student now. When he was a pretty, square-headed, blue-eyed, red-cheeked baby of three, he had already the personality and attractive power of a being of defined and single purpose. Apparently, at that age William had set out to conquer the field of human knowledge. He toddled about carrying a red tin bucket filled with lettered blocks. It was his habit to fling himself flat on his stomach, in inconvenient places, as likely as not barring access to a public stairway, while he arranged the blocks to spell out, "Physiological Psychology"—or "Effects of Anæsthesia," or other interesting phrases of the same kind. It appeared that in his father's library he had been in the habit of spelling out the titles of all the books on the lower shelf, and these haunted him in absence. His memory was prodigious, however, and anything that was once spelled for him never escaped the poor, little baby brain. One lady spelled for him once, "Prince Maurocordatos, a friend of Byron," by way of test, and asked, a week or two later, "What was the name of



Byron's friend I spelled for you?" and to her astonishment the infant immediately produced the sentence.

With this pathetic eagerness for utterly irrelevant knowledge, went also an exaggerated reverence for the written word. At a hotel in the mountains, it was the custom of the infant prodigy to read the *menu* with infinite care, looking about the room to see if all the dishes mentioned were represented on the tables and to inquire anxiously for those he did not see. Once he chanced to be brought in early to breakfast, namely, at 7:45, when upon consulting the *menu* he found that breakfast was served from 8 to 9. He was seized by perfect panic when the waiter brought in the breakfast ahead of time; he required that it be taken back at once, and finally was borne shrieking from the room, calling out like an irate Hebrew prophet: "It is from 8 to 9. It has been written." Another time, when he was about five, a lady coming in with an armful of joepye, gathered along the road, proffered some slight data concerning the flower, only to rouse the eager little listener to a sudden contradiction. "It is not so; consult Mrs. Dana, page 252." It was quite true that he not only remembered all he read, but the number of the pages upon which he read given information. It was his pleasing custom to speak of all the guests in the house, in which he spent his summers, by the numbers of the rooms they occupied. A lady and a little girl passing him, he would abstractedly comment, "Two No. 33's," or a gentleman and a dog going by, he would comment, "No. 57, the dog from kennel 4."

His most notable trait was that he could not be turned aside from any purpose or diverted as other children are. He had very little interest in humanity, and the only way to see an exhibition of his unusual knowledge was to feign ignorance. He already, at five years old, knew something of English, Russian, French and German, and a year or so later he read Hebrew words. If one asked him to count in German, one would be met by a stony gaze of abstraction, so detached, so distant, that it was truly humiliating. If, however, one came to him in the spirit of thirst for knowledge, saying, "I suppose the Germans count just as we do," he was lavish with instruction.

It is to be hoped that the premature development will not stop short, but that the baby's disinterested love of knowledge and of law may solve some of this world's scientific problems.